

Spirit of the Age.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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Choice Literature.

From *Godley's Lady's Book*, for October.
THE HEART'S RESOLVE.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

"A chain of gold ye shall not lack;
Nor braids to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey friar and fair.
And you, the foremost of them all,
Shall ride on forest green!"
But yet she looted the tears down in
For Jock o' Hazeldean."

"But you can't think it a question of du-
ty, Ellen?"

"I have never known another, parent; and
you know, Jamie, we were both taught by
the rector, when we were children, that the
commandment with promise included 'all
those who had shielded or sheltered our
youth.' You have not forgotten the catech-
izing, surely, when we used to stand in the
chancel, with our eyes fixed on the good man,
as he explained our duty to God and our
neighbor."

James Ellis had not forgotten it; for it
was there, in that lonely parish church, stand-
ing by the chancel rails, that he had first
learned to love his village playmate. "Or-
phan Ellen" they called her then, though she
had found friends and a home in the Lodge
of Ayton Hall. There was something in her
manner and bearing different from the rest
of the children upon the village green. In
all their plays, she was the leader; and she
never abused the confidence reposed in her
by unjust tyranny, which so many children
show. James Ellis, the gardener's son, was
her favorite among them all; for he loved
flowers, and, living always among them,
seemed to breathe a portion of their delicate
spirit. He was as athletic as his fellows, but
never boisterous; and, though he was no
lagger at ball and "Hunt the Hare," he loved
far better to wander away in the woods, with
Ellen for his companion; to read to her
from some book the rector had loaned him,
or he had begged from the shelves of the
housekeeper.

They learned their catechism together,
sitting upon a bank they had christened
"Fairy Knoll," for the lovely flowers that
grew there; and the dull hard sentences had
a new charm as he repeated them, guided by
her pleasant voice and never-failing patience.
Did he remember the catechism in the church?
Yes; and how he had watched her even then,
in the red light that fell through the
stained glass windows, and thought angels
must be like Ellen Lloyd, who, with meek and
reverent face, listened to the holy teachings
of their good rector. And there was another
recollection—of the happy May-day when
she was chosen queen. His father gave him
flowers for the garland which she wore; and
his sister Annie, much older than himself,
made him very happy by a gift of the broad
white ribbon with which it was tied. How
Ellen had thanked him, with her eyes and
with her smile! And they were merry with
their dances and songs until—yes, until the
young squire came; and here his brow dark-
ened in the reverie. He was a young lad,
no older than James, but very proud and
self-willed even then. He must kiss the pret-
ty queen forthwith! And Ellen blushed and
drew back, while her young champion came
to the rescue. There were high words, and
almost blows, until his father parted them;
while Ellen, weeping and trembling, tore the
garland from her forehead, and would sing
no more that day.

How strangely our childhood shadows
forth our life! Many years had gone by,
yet they were sitting on the fairy knoll, as in
the days we have called; and the boyish rivals
of old were rivals still, both suitors for the
hand of Orphan Ellen. She had grown up
in the Lodge to a tall and stately wo-
man, despite the rustic dress which she al-
ways wore, and the household tasks at which
she labored cheerfully. James Ellis had
removed to another parish, bordering upon
Ayton, however, towards which his hol-
iday rambles were always directed; and the
young squire had come into possession of
the Hall, with a wild undisciplined mind and
heart, and that same fierce will. Caring only
for field sports, and associating with the idle
followers which they drew around him, it
was no wonder that the quiet grace of Ellen
Lloyd attracted him, meeting her as he did
within the shadow of his very roof. And
cunning Dame Marjory was not slow to per-
ceive it, or to throw out lures, which were
scarcely wanting. He had no pride to over-
come; there was no one to consult or advise,
and so he demanded at last the hand of her
lamblike charge, never dreaming that she
could be opposed or thwarted. Dame Mar-
jory flattered, threatened, and cajoled. She
was old, she said, and needed many comforts
they could ill afford with their straitened
means. Besides, the squire had helped them

in the fever, and she owed him a heavy debt
for blankets and coals, and the doctor, which
he was willing to forgive, besides making the
cottage rent free, so long as she chose to live
and occupy it. Then her own foster-child
mistress at Ayton Hall! The prospect was
too grand to indulge a moment's misgiving
on the score of James Ellis.

She was ill-prepared for the storm that
burst when she confided to him the fine pros-
pects of his friend Ellen. What, Ellen, the
playmate of his boyhood, the darling of his
manly heart, given to the arms of that rough,
fox-hunting, wine-drinking young spend-
thrift! Never, while he had life! But the
contest was not so easily decided, for no
promise had been exchanged between them;
and Ellen, in the power of Dame Marjory,
seemed only the servant of her will. Her
heart was not in the Hall, with all its rich
furniture and stately appointments—that
was plainly seen; but it had come to this,
that she had promised to meet him at Fairy
Knoll for the last time.

There they sat, side by side, as in child-
hood, with the brook rippling before them,
and acorn-cups scattered in the soft grass,
the very birds singing the song of old—
nothing changed but those two human hearts.
"Nelly, you can't mean what you say—
There is not any law in the land that can
force you to marry him, if you don't wish it.
Dame Marjory has been like a mother to
you, to be sure; and we will always be kind
and good to her. She can have a home with
us, poor as it will be now; and I will work
day and night until that debt is paid. I'd
work my fingers to the bone for you, Nelly!"

But the girl only leaned her head against
the gnarled tree at her side, and closed her
eyes in a vain endeavor to shut back the
tears that trickled down her face.

"Come, you must not be breaking your
heart; it drives me mad, and I could burn
the very house over his head for tormenting
you so. Only give me the right, darling,
and nobody shall harm you by a word."

He tried to draw her to him, but she re-
sisted, with a murmur—"I have promised!"

"No—no—not promised?"

"You know all now." And she spoke
hurriedly, choked by tears. "And, oh, it
is such a weight from my heart; for
now you will help me to bear it. I think I
was mad. They gave me no peace day nor
night; and at last they said it was you that
hindered me. And Marjory told me strange
things of you that I could not believe—indeed
I did not for an instant. But it was not
until his dreadful threats that I prom-
ised. I could not have blood upon my head
—and your blood, Jamie!"

"The coward! He did not dare—"
"Hush, Jamie; it will do no good now—
and, indeed, I had not a selfish thought—
It will be only a prison to me—and she
pointed to the brown stone turrets rising
above the trees. "But he could ruin you,
he said; and Marjory called me ungrateful,
and told me to think of the good I could do
with the money he was squandering—and
bid me beware how I told you what she had
said, for she could prove things that would
turn your love to hate."

"It's all false together, poor child!—
There is nothing to prove, and he has not a
feather's influence with Sir Edward. The
country round despise him for an empty hot
head; and as for that whining old—"
She laid her hand upon his arm with a
mute pleading look that was more eloquent
than words.

"Don't check me now; I can't stand such
oppression, and in a country where the poorest
may have justice. I swear you shall
never be his wife until you walk over my
dead body to the altar! Oh! Nelly!"—and
his tone changed to one of almost womanly
entreaty—"think how I have loved you
since we were little children together, and I
made you moss-chains on this very bank!—
You never knew, you could not dream
how much; for my lips can't speak all that
my heart thinks. The brook doesn't make
much noise here at our feet, Nelly; but you
know how deep it is for all that stillness,
and my love was like it. When I grew up
to be a man, I thought of you and dreamed
of you day and night. You were never out
of my thoughts. I said to myself, when I
can make a home she shall share it with
me; and so I worked, and saved, and toiled
all for you Nelly; and sometimes when I
was tempted to go with gay companions,
that kept me back; or, if I was tempted to
think the world was very hard, and things
looked darker ahead, I would get a glimpse
of Ayton church, and remember who lived
very near it, and one day she might be mine.
Oh! Nelly—God help me—I can't bear it!"

He threw himself prostrate upon the bank,
while his hands tore the star-grass convul-
sively. And yet she looked at him with a
weary hopeless gaze, as if she could not un-
derstand it, or had no consolation to offer.
"It was a wicked, wicked promise, Nelly!"
"But it was made, and I cannot break it;
that would be sin. And now Marjory can-
not reproach me, and no harm will come to
you, and I suppose I ought to be very hap-
py."

He started up once more, and came to her
side. "Do you remember the marriage ser-
vice, and what you promise there? Don't
talk of perjury, if you can make those vows
—to love and honor. Nelly, you can't do
either; you know you cannot—and you will
live a lie all your life long! Is it worse
to break one ill-got promise?—for I know
you were threatened into it."

"Oh! I am very miserable!"

And in another moment his arms were

around her and she was sobbing, strained
closely to his heart. He did not speak, but
he pressed wild kisses upon her hair, and
cheek, and brow, tightening his clasp mean-
while as if he feared she would be torn from
him. But no; she lay quite still, the tears
raining down her face, and sobbing rending
her very heart.

At last some recollection seemed to come
to her; for she tore herself away, and un-
clasped those twining arms, saying—"No,
no; it cannot be—I have promised. This
is all wrong—so very, very wrong!"

"It is not wrong," he answered, passion-
ately. "You are my wife as much as if we
stood at the altar. My whole life has been
yours, and I will not give you up now."

"You should not have tempted me to this
meeting," she said. "It was cruel, when I
knew my heart so—for it must be.—
You knew it must; for Dame Marjory has
commanded me, and he always has his will.
Do you remember once, in these very woods,
we found a poor little bird, struggling in a
snare he had set, with broken wings, and so
torn, that it struggled and struggled, but
was not strong enough to escape?"

"Ay; but who did set it free, in spite of
the fear of him? Don't forget that, Nelly."
Still she motioned him away, and brushed
back her long hair that had fallen over her
face, as she turned towards Ayton Hall.

"This night—this very night will decide.
Do not yield to such a false principle of
duty. You mistake it; indeed, you do.—
Meet me here to night, Ellen, for they are
wearing you out, soul and body, and you
shall go to Annie; she has such a pleasant
home, and will welcome you for a sister un-
til I can claim you. Say you will; and we
shall forget this horrid dream, when I was
so near losing you, and my life shall be de-
voted to your happiness."

How could she resist that pleading, af-
fectionate glance, and turn so resolutely
from so much offered happiness?

"Do not tempt me, Jamie. God bless
you, and forget me! It won't be long till
I am in the church yard! God forgive me;
but I wish it was now!"

"Hear me once more," he said. "I will be
here until the midnight, and you will come
and let me set you free. Remember, I will
not leave this spot till then. I know you
will come!"

She shook her head sadly, and walked
rapidly away, motioning him back when he
would have joined her.
There was no sympathy in nature for her
heavy heart. The sky was unclouded, and
a rich light and shade checked the path
she trod so hurriedly. Now and then,
through the trees, came a glimpse of Ayton
Hall, shaded by oaks as lordly as the man-
sion, with the broad sloping lawn that, new-
ly mown, looked like the richest velvet in
the sunshine. And was there, in this firm
denial of all that proffered love, no lingering
ambition to tread those stately halls, the
mistress of all this beauty and magnificence?
She was but human, and power has tempted
many a poor heart. Ah, no, hers had
long been too much engrossed by another
object to leave room for the entrance of world-
ly ambition; and she would gladly have
shared the meanest cottage upon the grounds
with James Ellis, than the mansion with its
owner for her lord. She passed the church-
yard, and, as she saw the still, green graves,
sleeping so quietly in the shadow of the
cross, she longed to lie down beside them,
to escape the dull pain gnawing at her heart.
If the rector had been there, how soon
would she have confessed all, and been guid-
ed by his truthful advice; but he was far
distant, seeking to regain wasted strength,
and there was none to console her.

"It's a brave wedding we shall have, for
all," chirruped old Marjory, coming forth to
meet her. "But, bless the lassie, we would-
n't think you the bride. You've been greet-
ing those old woods, or down by the
brae. Hoot, child! let's have nae such doings
the day!"
Ellen sickened at the crafty smile which
lit her features. She wondered she had
never seen the expression before; but avar-
ice is the sin of old age, and it had sapped
the kinder nature of her protector. She
pushed by almost roughly, and entered the
cottage, which had been so many years a
happy home to her. The curious high-backed
chairs, the carved oaken table, were as
bright as hands could make them, and the
clematis that shaded the casement filled the
room with its soft spicy breath. Her work
was lying as she had thrown it down to keep
the tryst; but she was too miserable to re-
sume it, and leaned her head upon the
table, unheeding the chattering of Dame
Marjory.

"It's na' every bride that has the like o'
this, my bairn. See the grand present that
the squire hisself has sent you. Well do I
remember when it came fra' beyond the sea
for his mother that's in her grave. Brocade,
such as was never seen in the country be-
side, and the poor soul took to her bed and
never wore it at a'. An' laces to make a
duchess of you. That I should see the day
Orphan Ellen was decked out in such brave
garments! It's a bonny wedding we shall
ha' for a'." And the old crone lifted the
slashed sleeve of the rich robe, for she well
knew the value of the costly fabric, and that
few village girls could resist such wooing.

It was in strange contrast to Ellen's sim-
ple attire, the rich fabric gleaming in the
sunlight as the heavy folds caught its lustre;
the snow-white ground, with a dainty rose-
like flush spreading over it, and softened by
laces that a duchess might have worn. It
would well become her stately beauty; and

perhaps the maiden thought this as she gazed
vacantly towards it. But no; she scarcely
understood why it was there. There was a
sick, faint feeling of her head and heart, her
thoughts were dull and confused, and she
longed only to escape from the sound of a
voice she had learned almost to hate.

Oh, the weariness of that weary day! she
scarcely knew how the hours passed, except
that they seemed interminable. But at length
came evening, and then the cool silent night,
and the stars seemed more pitiful than the
sunshine. She watched until sleep came to
Dame Marjory's watchful eyes, and then
stole out to seek the open air; for she could
not sleep, remembering who watched in
vain for her at Fairy Knoll. There lay the
robe, as she admiring Marjory had left it,
spread out in her very path, and gleaming
softly in the moonlight. She could not re-
sist the impulse, but tore it from the chair
and trampled it under her feet, as she
thought, "And for things like these my hap-
piness is to be bartered!"

The adseemed to give her new life and
energy, the night air cooled the fever of her
brain, and she began to think once more
calmly and clearly. Yet there seemed no
escape for her: she was bound by every tie
of gratitude to Dame Marjory; she had
herself consented to the marriage; she knew
the fierce impetuosity will which would not
brook desertion; and, as she wrung her
hands for very hopelessness, the words of
James Ellis rose in her mind with fearful
meaning, "You will live a lie all your life!"

It would, indeed, be so; and whether
was it better to break one extorted promise
than deliberately to take vows she never
could fulfil? To love! when she thought
from his very tread, and trembled at the
sound of his voice. To honor! when she
respected more truly the very beggar at his
gate. To obey! that wild lawless will.—
What an intolerable yoke did she bend her
neck to receive! Turn where she would, it
was too true—she would live a lie.

One last, last, hope of escape. It was
not yet midnight, and she turned to the
thrilling thought of the deep love that had
that day been proffered her. It assumed a
new sacredness, a new strength. It seemed
to bind her, to constrain her, by its power.
A calm resolve passed through her heart,
better than all reasoning, than all argument.
She felt what was right; and, in another
moment, was bounding down the hill to the
forest path. No pause, not even to glance
at the hall, more lovely than ever in the
soft picturesque light, or to the lodge, to see
if her steps were watched. Fear was gone;
weakness, doubt, were rolled away. On
through the tangled wood, leaping the wind-
ings of the stream, penetrating the darkness
thicket; on and on, every moment losing
the fetters of her rash promise, until a quick
step springing to meet her, and she was locked
in the arms of him who loved her so truly.

"I knew, I knew you would come," he
said; "and Annie is waiting for us. You
are mine, mine own now, Nelly!—are you
not, my darling?"

But she only laid her head upon his breast,
and "smiled upwards through her tears."

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

The following extract is from the pen
of the Rev. A. B. Longstreet, of Oxford,
Miss. It needs no comment. It is of
itself a stupendous volume of misery, ap-
pealing to the understanding and the heart
with irresistible force.

"I witnessed once a scene which
comes appropriately in place here. Dur-
ing the commencement exercises of Em-
ory College, upon one occasion, the Gov-
ernor of the State of Georgia, and his
lady, with a goodly number of other
friends, were staying with me. All were
light-hearted, cheerful and happy, when
a female form plainly but neatly attired,
entered my gate, and advanced to my
door. I received her, and upon her re-
quest to see the Governor, I conducted
her to his room."

"Governor," said she, "I am the moth-
er of the man who is to be executed four
days hence, at Columbus, for murder.—
Hearing of his sentence in Maryland,
where I live, I hastened with all speed
to Milledgeville, to beg of you a respite
of his sentence, till the meeting of the
Legislature. There my money gave out;
but not finding you there, I have followed
you hither, having walked most of the
way (sixty-five miles) to make the re-
quest. Governor, will you not suspend
the sentence?"

"Madam," said the Governor, his eyes
already filled with tears, for no Gov-
ernor ever had a kinder heart, "if I were
to grant the respite, you could not possi-
bly reach him with it, in your enfeebled
and exhausted situation, in time to save
him."

"Yes I will Governor; give it to me,
and I will have it in Columbus before
the hour of execution arrives."

"Then you would have to travel night
and day, for four nights, and three days
and a half."

"Only give me the respite, and it shall
reach him in time. I shall see him how
before he dies; but I have no time
to lose."

"Madam," said the Governor, "I
most deeply sympathize with you, and it
pains me to tell you that I should violate
my official duty to grant the respite. I
have examined the case, and I cannot
find a single mitigating circumstance in
it in your son's favor."

"Oh, Governor! my son is not a mur-
derer at heart. His disposition is peace-
able. He was not himself when he com-
mitted the deed. Oh, Governor! here
on my knees before you, I pray you
have pity upon a poor heart-broken wid-
owed mother!"

Our wives sobbed aloud, and the Gov-
ernor and myself mingled our tears pro-
fusely over the bending suppliant. There
was but one of the group that could speak,
and that one bore the burden of us all,
multiplied a thousand fold. The Gov-
ernor raised her from her knees and re-
peated by a shake of the head what he had
already said.

And now went forth from that poor
woman's heart—what shall I call it?—
A sigh? It was not that. A sob? It
was not that. A groan? It was not
that, but an indescribable out-breaking
of all that is eloquent in grief, and melt-
ing in sorrow. Her accents had caught
the ears of the group in the adjoining
porch, and produced a death-like silence
there: and my habitation, so lately the
scene of mirth, was like the court of
death.

At length she broke silence:—
"If there is no hope, I must hasten to
my child before he dies."

She rose, and tremblingly advanced
to the porch, followed by the sympathiz-
ing friend, but unyielding Chief Magis-
trate. She passed the crowd without
seeming to notice them; and, as her foot
fell upon the step that was to conduct her
away from the habitation of hope, she
cast back a melting look, and commen-
ced her last appeal, with "Oh! Governor!
for God's sake,"—when she sunk to the
floor. At length, raising, as if moved by
the thought that she was losing the time
which alone would enable her to see her
son alive, she retired.

The Governor disappeared with her,
his carriage soon followed, and though
no questions were asked on his return, I
doubt not, that he offered her the best
solace that he could, in her extremity,
without a breach of duty.

Now I ask, what is all the good that
ardent spirits have ever done, compared
with the pang which this one poor wid-
ow has suffered? But her's was no un-
common case. Multiply her afflictions
by ten thousand, and you will get the
experience of what one class, and that about
the best of our race, have suffered from
the use of inebriating drinks. Ah! God
bless you, men, I fear we shall have a
dread account to render at the court of
Heaven, for our dealings with this class
of the human family."

INTEMPERANCE.

There is a domestic tyrant now traversing
the fairest districts of our county, consuming
its young and vital energies, treading down
the blossom of its hopes, undermining its
free institutions, setting at defiance all its au-
thorities, multiplying engines of torture, fen-
cing off graveyards, and breathing pestilence
upon every acre of our goodly heritage.—
This man-devouring shape,

"If shape it may be called, which shape has
none,
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb—"

"Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell—"

is INTEMPERANCE. "Other lords have had
dominion over us," but here is the very Nero
of the horrid dynasty, and we must dethrone
the despot, or we are lost. If we sit still but
a little longer, and look quietly on, while this
scurge is raging like a tempest of fire in all
our borders, the Fourth of July will indeed
come, but we shall have no independence to
celebrate. Our liberties will exist only in
the song of the drunkard. *Fait Ilum:*
that they were, will be written upon all
the monuments of our glory.

Who can enumerate the diseases which
intemperance generates in the brain, liver,
stomach, lungs, bones, muscles, nerves, fluids,
and whatever else is susceptible of disease or
pain in the human system? How rudely
does it shut up, one after another, all the
doors of sensation; or, in the caprice of its
wrath, throw them all wide open to every
hateful intruder! How, with a refinement
of cruelty almost peculiar to itself, does it fly
in the face of its victims, and hold their quiv-
ering eyeballs in its fangs till they abhor the
light and swim in blood!

Mark that caruncled, slavering, doubtful
remnant of a man, retching and picking tan-
sy before sunrise—loathing his breakfast—
getting his ear bored to the door of a dram-
shop an hour after—disguised before ten—
quarrelling by dinner-time, and snoring drunk
before supper. See him next morning at his
retching and his tansy again; and, as the
day advances, becoming noisy, cross,
drivelling, and intoxicated. Think of his
thus dragging out months and years of tor-
ture, till the earth refuses any longer to bear
such a wretch upon its surface, and then tell
me if any Barbarian slave was ever so miser-
able.

But who is this that comes hobbling up,
with bandaged legs, inflamed eyes, and a
distorted countenance? Every step is like
the piercing of a sword, or the driving of a
nail among nerves and tendons. And what
is the cause? The humors, he tells us, trouble
him; and though he has applied to all the
doctors far and near, he can get no relief.—
Ah, these wicked and inveterate humors!—
Every body knows where they came from.
But for the bottle, he might have been a
sound and healthy man.

Look next at that wretched kovel, open on
all sides to the rude and drenching intrusion
of the elements. The panting skeleton, ly-
ing, as you see, upon a little straw in the
corner, a prey to consumption, was once the
owner of yonder comfortable mansion, and
of that farm so rich in verdure and in sheaves.
He might have owned them still, and have
kept his health too, but for the love of strong
drink. It is intemperance which has con-
sumed his substance, rioted upon his flesh,
and his marrow, and shortened his breath,
and fixed that deep sepulchral cough in his
wasting vitals. Was ever a bondsman more
wretched in his dungeon! But your sym-
pathies come too late. Perhaps you sold him
the very poison which has brought him to
this—or it went out, sparkling from your dis-
tillery to the retailer, and thence into the
jug, half concealed by the tattered garment
of the victim, as he carried it home to his
starving family.

Go next to the almshouse, and tell
me whether you recognize that dropsical,
figure, lingering from week to week, under
the slow torments of strangulation. How
piercing are his shrieks, as if he was actually
drowning! He was once your neighbor,
thrifty, reputable, and happy—but he drank,
first temperately, then freely, then to excess,
and finally, to habitual inebriation. The
consequences are before you. The swelling
flood in which he catches every precarious
breath, no finite power can long assuage.

Leaving him to be cast a wreck by the an-
gry waters upon the shore of eternity, enter
that hut, towards which a solitary neighbor
is advancing with hurried steps. There a
husband and a father is supposed to be dying.
The disease is *delirium tremens*. Every
limb and muscle quivers as in the agonies
of dissolution. Reason, having been so of-
ten and so rudely driven from her seat by
habitual intoxication, now refuses to return.
Possibly he may be relieved, to stagger on
a little further into his ignominious grave;
but who that is bought and sold, and thrown
into the sea, for the crime of being sabbat
and sick, suffers half so much as this very slave!

In passing the Insane Hospital, just
through the grated window; at the maniac
in his straight-jacket—gnashing his teeth,
cursing his keepers, withering your very soul
by the flashes of his eye, disquieting the
night with cries of distress, or more appalling
fits of laughter. Here you see what it is for
the immortal mind to be laid in ruins by the
worse than volcanic belchings of the distillery
and what happens every day from these Tar-
tarian eruptions.

"Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow!—
Who hath contentions? Who hath bab-
bling? Who hath redness of eyes? They that
tarry long at the wine; they that go to
seek mixed wine." Strong drink may exal-
tate for a moment, but "at the last it biteth
like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

ODD FELLOWS.—THE DAUGHTERS OF
REBECCA.—The annual meeting of the
Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows adjourned
since die in Baltimore on Saturday last.
Among the last acts of this body was one
to adopt the ladies degree as it is called,
of "The Daughters of Rebecca." A select
committee having been appointed, of which
Mr. Colfax, of Indiana, was presi-
dent, to prepare an appropriate hono-
rary degree to be conferred on wives of
scarlet degree members of the Order in
good standing, the degree was reported to
the grand Lodge a few days before its
adjournment. The proposition gave rise
to a very warm debate. The representa-
tives of the Grand Lodge and Grand
Encampment of Northern New York
were against it. A majority of those
from the Northwest were for it. It was,
however, on Saturday, finally adopted by
a vote of forty-seven to thirty-seven.—
We understand that those receiving it
will be known as "The Daughters of Re-
becca." The badge proposed will be
green and scarlet.

PRUNING.—September and October are
favorable times for pruning, particularly
where the large limbs are cut off; for if
the wounds made by cutting large limbs
or branches do not heal over soon, the
parts become seasoned, and remain sound
a long time. But if large branches are
cut off in spring, the wounded part be-
comes black from the fullness of sap in
the wood, and it soon decays, seriously
affecting the health and life of the tree.

A RICH JOKE.—An Irishman went a
fishing, and among other things he haul-
ed in, was a large sized turtle. To en-
joy the surprise of the servant girl he
placed it in her bed-room. The next
morning the first that bounded into the
breakfast room was Biddy, with the ex-
clamation:

"Be jabbers, I've caught the devil!"

"What devil?" inquired the head of
the house, feigning surprise.

"Why, the bull bed-bug, sure, that has
been attein' the children for the last two
months!"

There is a man in this city, the father
of two romping daughters, who